

THE BANNER.

Howling-Green.

SATURDAY, JULY 5th, 1845.

OUR APOLOGY

On account of the illness of Mr. Pickens, the Publisher of this paper, we have been unable to issue more than a half sheet this week. We need scarcely ask the generous reader to excuse the omission.

THEY ARE GOING ONE BY ONE

Died at Shamrock, Calloway co. Mo. on the 13th of June, last, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, Henry Overly, an invalid pensioner.

Thus has been gathered to his fathers another of that gallant band who achieved for us our national existence, they number now but a glorious few permitted to linger out a green old age to witness the consummation of the results for which they struggled.

The subject of this sketch, joined the American army in 1777, when encamped at Valley Forge, as a volunteer, together with seven or eight other soldiers under the command of Capt. Brooks, when upon a scouting party, the house in which they were, was surrounded by Cornwallis and his army. When knocked down, they cried for quarter but none was given them, and Mr. Overly and two others were left for dead. But one belonging to this party was taken by the enemy having been shot in the arm, he was thrown into a baggage wagon, and shortly afterwards died from the effects of mortification. His life has been one of activity and industry, and he has left behind him a name above reproach. (Republican please copy or notice.)

DEATH OF GEN. JACKSON.

When the news of his death was announced in Washington, all the public offices were closed and a stop put to all business.

"Right on the side of the American people, and firmness in maintaining it, with trust in God alone, will secure to them the integrity of the possessions of which the British Government would deprive them. I am satisfied they will assert and vindicate what justice awards them; and that no part of our territory or country will ever be submitted to any arbitration but of the common's mouth."

Such were the dying words of Gen. Jackson. From accounts he retained his intellect to the hour of his death, for a week before it took place his thoughts seemed to have revolved entirely upon our relations with foreign countries—his last thoughts were for the interest and honor of his country—his last prayer winged with benedictions for its prosperity.

Next week we shall give a more extended account of his last illness.

We understand that much excitement is raging in Benton co. Mo. consequent upon the acquittal of Coats charged with the murder of Wilson.

The Canvass seems to be waxing warmer in the Cole District than in any section of the State. Judges, Wells & Morrow, and a host of other candidates are in the field.

A WHIPPER.

Friend Campbell, of the St. Louis New Era says that it has rained more or less every day at that point, for the last 15 years.

MINISTER TO ENGLAND.

Col. Polk has appointed Louis McLane, of Delaware, as minister to the court of St. James.

RIVERS.

From the last accounts the Ohio and Illinois Rivers were very low. The Mississippi & Missouri very high.

ACCIDENTS.

A young man by the name of Coxton, was killed a few days since in St. Louis by the passing of a wagon wheel over his neck. Dow, the mate of the steam-boat Hannibal, was knocked down in the street in the same city, and robbed of his watch, and a small amount of money.

Edwin D. Beviitt, of St. Charles the democratic nominee for the convention, will address the voters of Lincoln;

At Cape aux de Gris on Monday the 7th of July.
New Hope, on Tuesday, 8th.
Auburn, " Wednesday, 9th.
Louisville, " Friday, 11th.
Troy, " Saturday, 12th.

GOOD.

Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a weekly, and if possible, a Semi-weekly mail between N. Orleans, and Galveston, by the Post-master General.

DEATH.

In a scuffle which ensued, between Derming sheriff of Hancock co. Ill., and Dr. Marshall, of the same county, the latter was killed.

DREADFUL ACCIDENT.

William Atkinson, a youth about 15 years of age was thrown from his horse, near Troy, Mo., on Sunday, the 29th of June, and killed almost instantly. He was a correct moral youth, loved by his relatives, and respected by his neighbors.

From the New York Mirror. THIS HOUR'S EXECUTION.

As we go to press a human being is launched into eternity! His body, warm with health and life while this is written, will be still warm—though its pulses irrevocably hushed—when this is read! Human hands, this hour, force a fellow creature, in one step, hence to judgement, and with no softening of sickness on his heart—no clearing of the mind and passions by that gradual and purifying separation of body & soul which God makes the cleansing gate of his presence. Our heart aches while we realize it. A stone's throw from where we are did human violence go on, and none to stay it. Oh God! is it not time that pity and reason turned to look at this savage relic of inhuman law—murder, and substituted something for its fiendish violence.

We forget who is governor of this State, but whoever he is, he should have known that his power of pardon is given him to represent public opinion, when its sense of justice uprecedes the law. This poor Langer killed a man in the belief that he had violated his wife. The husband dies this hour, for a blow that few men in the community would have borne to strike—and yet, with every man thinking so, and the Governor put in this place to represent this unanimous constituency, the penalty is not commuted. Away goes the drop—perhaps at the instant that we are recording it—now?

It seems to us such a mockery—the eloquence with which the city is thronged at this moment, thousands assembled in the churches listening to eloquence on reforms and missions, while a human life is crushed out—the largest meeting of all, literary, within hearing of the withdrawn bolt, and the criminal unthought of and unnamed. Why is there not some good man, whom God has gifted with eloquence, to break his way into the pulpit of the Tabernacle, and hold up his hand to the assembled multitude, with the news, that, but a step thence, a soul is being forced off violently to judgement! We trust the monstrous subject of capital punishment will find an alarm in today's prison-bell, and arouse us to think of becoming human and merciful.

RED HAIR.

"It is a pity that girl has red hair," said a thoughtless, ignorant woman, as she looked upon a beautiful girl.

Upon which the Portland Tribune says:

"A pity, hey! Where's the pity? With her beautiful skin, rosy cheeks and bright eyes, what is so becoming as the hair that Nature gave her? You seldom see a person with red hair who has not a fine complexion—and yet you condemn it—did you know that many of our talented women have sandy hair? Who will not say that sandy hair is not prevalent among men of genius and talent? Shakespeare and Milton had red hair, and so had Lafayette, Neal and Longfellow have sandy hair, and so has Greeley, Severance and Green, three of our talented Editors—one of whom is in Congress. If we may believe the accounts of historians, the Saviour of the World had red hair, which flowed over his shoulders.

Who then will despise red hair?—Who will not rather be pleased to see and admire it in his friends and children?

If there is a person who lacks wisdom and discretion, it is the individual who will make such a remark as we quoted above.

Life is like a field of blackberry and raspberry bushes. Mean people sit down and pick the fruit no matter how they black their fingers; while genius, proud and perpendicular, strides fiercely on, and gets nothing but scratches and holes torn in his trousers.

SPEECH OF LOTT DOOLITTLE, ESQ.

Member of the Legislature from New Jerusalem, Hucklebury county, Vermont, on the bill for the protection of Hucklebushes.

Mistur Speaker:—I've sat here in my seat, and heered the opponents of this great national measure argy and exhortate agin it, till I'm perty nigh busted with the indignant emotions of my lacerated sensibilities. Mr. Speaker, are it possible that men can be so infuriated as to vote agin this bill? Mr. Speaker, I blush to say that it am. Mr. Speaker, allow me to picter to your excited and denuded imagination, some of the heart-rending evils which rise from the want of protection of hen roosts in my vicinity, among my constituents. Mr. Speaker, we will suppose it to be the awful and melancholy hour of mid-night—all nater am hushed in repose—the solemn wind softly moans through the waving branches of the trees and nought is heard to break the solmnocholly stillness, save an occasional grunt in the Hog Pen! I will now carry you in imagination to that devoted Hen House. Behold its peaceful and happy inmates gently reclining in balmy slumbers on their elevated and majestic roosts! Look at that aged and venerable and highly respected Rooster, as he keeps his silent vigils with parental and unmitigated watchfulness over those innocent, helpless & virtuous Hens and Pullets! Just let your eye glance around, and behold that dignified and matronly Hen, who watches with tender solicitude and parental congratulation, over those juvenile chickens, who crowded around their respected progenitor, and nestle under her circumambient wings.

Now I ask, Mr. Speaker, am there to be found a wretch so lost and abandoned as will enter that peaceful and happy abode, and tear those interesting and innocent little biddies from their agonized and heart broken parents! Mr. Speaker, I answer in thunder tones that there am! Are there any thing so mean and sneaking as such a robber? No, there are not! You may search the wide universe from the natives who repose in solitary grandeur and superlative majesty under the shade of the tall cedars which grow upon the tops of the Allegheney mountains in the valley of Jehoshaphat, down to the degraded & barbarous savages who repose in obscurity in their miserable wig-wags on the rock of Gibraltar in the Gulf of Mexico, and then you will be as much puzzled to find any thing so mean, as you would be to see earth revolve around the sun twice in twenty-four hours, without the aid of a telescope.

Mr. Speaker, I feel that I have said enuf on this subject to convince the most obdurate member of the unapproachable necessity of a law which shall forever and everlastingly put a stop to these rown proceedings, and I propose that every convicted offender shall suffer the penalty of the law as follows:

For the first offence, he shall be obliged to suck twelve rotten eggs without no salt on 'em.

For the second offence, he shall be obliged to get on twenty rotten eggs until he hatches 'em.

Mr. Speaker, all I want is for every member to act on this subject according to his consciousness. Let him do this, and he will be remembered for everlastingly for a grateful posterity. Mr. Speaker, I've done. Where's my hat?

The eloquent gentleman here donned his sealskin cap and sat down, apparently much exhausted.

"What do you sell here?" said an Irishman, putting his head into the door of a lawyer's office.

"Blockheads," replied the lawyer.

"Och!" said Pat, "it must be a good business—there is but one left."

NOT BAD.

A gentleman staying late one night at the tavern, his wife sent his servant to say that it was twelve o'clock.

"John" said he, "go home and tell your mistress it can be no more."

The man, by his mistress's order returned at one. The answer then was—"It could be no less."

"But, sir," said the man, "day has broke."

"With all my heart," replied the master; "he owes me nothing."

"But the sun is up, sir."

"And so he ought to be, John, ought he not?"

He has further to go than we have, I am sure!

"How long did Adam remain in Paradise before he sinned?" said an amiable spouse to her husband.

"Till he got a wife," answered the churlish husband.

THE FANATICISM OF ABOLITIONISM.

The anti-Church, anti-Union, anti-Constitution abolitionists are working their ruin at a rapid rate. Their objects are set forth in their own language without concealment or remorse. They are so traitorous to what has commonly been counted true patriotism and Americanism, as to call loudly for the rebuke of the considerate of all parts. Their grand motto, as blazed forth in their advertisements, is, "No union with slaveholders." This is the badge of the Anti-Slavery Society. Its objects may be gathered from the mouths of their speakers. We propose to specify a few of these.

1. The grand object of these fanatics is avowed to be "A DISSOLUTION OF THE UNION." This is emblazoned upon their banner. It is often and unblushingly avowed by them. The value of the Union—calculated at so cheap a rate that, to accomplish their purposes, they would not hesitate to tear it asunder. What more detestable object than this? But the arguments for its preservation are almost unwoven in every patriotic American mind; it is our security against internal and external foes; under it the nation has become what it is. Those who deliberately seek to break it up deserve to be looked upon as guilty of treason to the great cause of freedom.

And such are those who join with these pioneer fanatics, hold council with them, allow their names to be associated with them at their public meetings, and thus promote this detestable work. But charge them with aiming at it, and they deem the charge libellous. Why then do they countenance the men that go for it? Why not come out of their ranks? Why do not such leave to those really guilty of the treason the whole odium of it?

2. As auxiliary to the dissolution of the Union, the abolitionists declare their objects to be REVOLUTIONARY: THEY MEAN, BY PRACK OR WAR, TO OVERTHROW THE CONSTITUTION. Now a revolutionary movement is a civil war movement. In its prosecution it would turn our now peaceful fields into fields of blood; it would array son against father, brother against brother, in deadly strife. It is only when a people are obliged to maintain what is dearer than life, that such a movement is justifiable. When we look upon our condition as a nation, and see progress & plenty on every side—the rights of the nation secured—it is hardly possible to look with calmness upon the madness of such a movement now. Who in his right mind can go for it?

3. Another openly avowed object is A DISSOLUTION OF THE ORGANIZATION CALLED CHRISTIAN CHURCHES. There is far too much method in this madness. The men who are promoting this work understand the nature of the Christian bond of fellowship and its importance in maintaining the Union. To break it is a preparatory step to a more important step, viz., a dissolution of our national political organization. Hence the pertinacity with which they pursue this object.

4. Another object, auxiliary to a dissolution of the Union, seems to be, to weaken a reverence for the great founders of our republic, and thus weaken the strength of that tie arising from common recollections. This is seen in the courteous condemnation of the labors by some, and the fanatic denunciation by others. Many, for instance, that a great error was committed by acceding to the compromises of the constitution. A Miss Hitchcock, representing the fanatic portion, is more bold. She denounces the framers of it as "THE WORST OF TYRANTS," and declares that "Satan himself aided them to found that instrument." This object seems to be more pertinaciously pursued or late than ever. When these coarse defamers have concluded, there arise in these anti-slavery society meetings men who admire their efforts, and thus back their sentiments. These are such men as Bell, of Kentucky, the associate of C. M. CLAY WASHINGTON, FRANKLIN, MADISON and HAMILTON, the worst of tyrants, inspired by Satan! It is enough to make one's blood boil to read such words. As we hear this course of remark, courteous or fanatic—smoothly terming the glories of such men mistakes, or roughly terming them Satanic—it seems almost that a band have been sent among us by foreign despoths, and are trying their hand at sining over what grateful freemen count patriotic and sublime. Out upon such liels upon the age. Let men who have felt disposed to do something, without considering precisely what they were doing, to liberate the slave, pause when they see this vile object. The only way is, to let the authors of such detestable sentiments—the men openly pursuing so wicked an

object—remain by themselves.—There are no words we can use sufficient to express a proper condemnation of their conduct.

The whole end and aim of these fanatics is to dissolve the Union; and their piea is, that a dissolution of the Union would knock the shackles from the slave. Left to themselves, their efforts would be powerless.—But it is not so. A different class of men support them, give them influence. Such men, however, seem not to be aware of the tendency of their countenance. Charge them with being engaged in dissolving the Union, a revolutionary movement, in dividing churches, or libelling the great men of the republic, and they will shrink from the charge with horror. But how can they escape from it, if they continue their associations?

The time has come for all who love their country to frown down this spirit. The language of the fanatics is becoming every day more bold and insulting, and so fit for the purposes of "legitimacy," that it hardly seems possible it can come from natives, or at least from Americans. Such being the case, is it not the duty of those who may have joined with them to a certain extent, but who profess to love the Union, to leave them?

EVIL COMPANIONS.

Society is the atmosphere of souls; and we necessarily imbibe from it something which is either infectious or salubrious. The society of virtuous persons is enjoyed beyond their company, while vice carries a sting into solitude. The society of the company you keep, is both the indication of your character and the former of it. In company, when the pores of the mind are opened, there requires more caution than usual, because the mind is the passive. Either vicious company will please you or it will not; if it does not please you, that is the good you will prefer. In such society you will feel your reverence for the dictates of conscience wear off, and that name at which angels bow and devils tremble, you will hear contemned and abused. The bible will supply materials for unmeaning jests or impious buffoonery; the consequence of this will be a practical deviation from virtue, the principles will become snapped, and the fences of conscience broken down; and when debauchery has corrupted the character, a total inversion will take place, they will glory in their shame.—ROBERT HALL.

WORDS FITLY SPOKEN.

We know not from whence the following excellent sentiments originated, or we would give the credit where it is so justly due; at any rate we desire that its sterling truths should be read and treasured up in every patriot's heart in the land.

"Which will you do?—One of two things must be done in this country. Parents must spend money to educate their children, or they must pay taxes to build Penitentiaries and to punish crime. There is a great mistake about what is called education. Some suppose a learned man is an educated man. No such thing.—That man is educated who knows himself, and who takes accurate common sense views of men and things around him. Some very learned men are the greatest fools in the world; the reason is, that they are not educated men. Learning is only the means, not the end; its value consists in giving the means of acquiring, in the discipline, which, when properly managed, it gives the mind. Some of the greatest men in this world were not overstocked with learning, but their actions proved that they were thoroughly educated. Washington, Franklin, and Sherman were of this class; and similar, though less striking instances may now be found in all countries. To be educated, a man must learn to think, to reason, compare and decide accurately. He may study metaphysics till he is grey, and language till he is a walking polyglot, and if he is nothing more, he is an uneducated man. There is no class in the country who have a larger interest in the education of their children than farmers; and the subject should receive from them the attention it deserves.

PISTOLS FOR TWO!

Mrs. Gunn of Vermont recently presented her dueling husband with a brace of little pistols. Oh! blazes, says an old bachelor editor.

A Canniologist, strolling through a church-yard took up one of the skulls, and after examining it for some time, exclaimed, "Ah! perhaps this was the skull of a philosopher."

"Perhaps so," said the grave digger, "for I perceive that it is some what cracked."

BOTHERING A WITNESS.

A Little Rock paper tells a story of a youth put upon the witness stand, who was bothered to death by the counsel on the opposite side, one complaining that he could not understand the witness, and the other claiming the protection of the court against such interruptions. Losing his patience at last, the witness addressed himself to the court—"you'll just stop 'em both, I'll tell you so that the biggest fool in the house will understand it all!"

There is a certain age, before the love of the sexes commences, when the feeling of friendship is almost a passion. You see it constantly in boys and girls at school. It is the first vague craving of the heart after the master fool of the human heart—love. It has jealousies, & humors and caprices, like love itself.

AN INVENTION.

A wooden hand & arm has been invented in Paris, by which one can wind a watch, and pick up a pin from the floor, without any assistance from the other hand.—This is said to be applicable in all cases when any portion of the arm remains.

MAGNETIC PRINTING TELEGRAPH.

We understand, says the N. York Herald, that a Magnetic Printing Telegraph is shortly to be introduced to the world, which is superior to any now in use. Instead of making lines, each to designate a letter, it makes the full letter itself, and with astonishing rapidity. This new discovery will be of great value, for it can be managed by any one without difficulty.

A village schoolmaster, in the county of Bucks, one day asked a boy, who was about to leave school, to what trade his father intended to put him. The boy said he was to be a butcher. "Why, surely," rejoined the master, "you won't like to kill the poor sheep and lambs?" "No," said the urchin, "I shouldn't like to kill poor rams, but I should like to kill fat ones!"

Formerly the Bostonians objected to brandy; now they decline water. We wonder how "half-and-half" would go down? asks a contemporary. Down "Boston Neck," guesses the Baltimore Patriot, the paper which pulls a certain "Roman punch."

THE CROPS AGAIN.

The Hannibal Journal of the 14th says.—We rejoice to learn from one of our citizens, who has been on a tour lately, through some of the adjacent counties, as well as our own; that the prospect for a good harvest of wheat, is much better than was previously anticipated, even by the farmers themselves; and as to the corn crop, there never was a better show for an abundant yield.

The following conversation recently took place in a mercantile house in one of our large cities:

"Patrick, have you placed those hogsheds of sugar?"

"Yes, sir, and I've know how the customers used to bother me, by always taking the back hogsheds?"

"Yes, Patrick."

"Well, I have fixed them so that they'll not bother me any more."

"How is that, Patrick?"

"Why, I've put all the back hogsheds in front, sure."

HOOSIER CONVERSATION.

Hallow stranger you appear to be travelling.

Yes I always travel when on a Journey.

I think I have seen you some where?

Very likely, I have often been there.

It might be Sam Patch—but it isn't.

Have you been long in these parts?

Never longer than at present—5 feet 9.

Do you eet any thing new?

Yes, I bought a new whetstone this morning.

I thought so—you are the sharp-ed blade I have seen on this road.

"MORE TRUTH THAN POETRY."

N. P. Willis says, "Editors are the pump handles of charity, always helping people to water, but never thought to be thirsty themselves."

The Boston Mail speaks of some tobacco, which if a man smoke or chew, he "will forget he owes a dollar in the world."

"We are afraid that some of our subscribers chew that kind of tobacco."